

More venturous, or desperate then this.

Bedf. I thinke this Talbot be a Fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.

Alansf. Here commeth Charles, I marvel how he sped?

Enter Charles and Ioane.

Bedf. Tut, holy Ioane was his defensive Guard.

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,

Make vs partakers of a little gayne,

That now our losse might be ten times so much?

Ioane. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my Power alike?

Sleeping or waking, must I still preuayle,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improuident Souldiers, had your Watch been good,

This sudden Mischiefe neuer could haue falne.

Charl. Duke of Alanfon, this was your default,

That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,

Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.

Alansf. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the gouernment,

We had not bene thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bedf. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night

Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,

I was imploy'd in passing to and fro,

About relieuing of the Centinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?

Ioane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,

How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:

And now there rests no other shift but this,

To gather our Souldiers, scatter'd and disperit,

And lay new Plat-formes to endamage them.

Exeunt.

Alansf. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot: they flye, leaving their Clothes behind.

Sould. He be so bold to take what they haue left:

The Cry of Talbot serues me for a Sword,

For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,

Vsing no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,

Whose pitchy Mantle ouer-vayl'd the Earth.

Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *Retreat.*

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old Salisbury,

And here aduance it in the Market-Place,

The middle Centure of this cursed Towne.

Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:

For every drop of blood was drawne from him,

There hath at least fise Frenchmen dyed to night.

And that hereafter Ages may behold

What ruine happened in reuenge of him,

Within their chiefest Temple Ile erect

A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:

Vpon the which, that every one may reade,

Shall be engrau'd the sacke of Orleans,

The trecherous manner of his mournfull death,

And what a terror he had bene to France.

But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,

I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,

His new-come Champion, vertuous Ioane of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord Talbot, when the fight began,

Rows'd on the sudden from their drowlie Beds,

They did amongst the treupes of armed men,

Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne,

For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night,

Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,

When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,

Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Doues,

That could not liue asunder day or night.

After that things are set in order here,

Wee'll follow them with all the power we haue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne

Call ye the Warlike Talbot, for his Acts

So much applauded through the Realme of France?

Talb. Here is the Talbot, who would speak with him?

Mess. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Ouerigne,

With modestie admiring thy Renowne,

By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe

To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,

That she may boast she hath beheld the man,

Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.

Burg. Is it euen so? Nay, then I see our Wartes

Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport,

When Ladyes craue to be encountred with.

You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.

Talb. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men

Could not preuayle with all their Oratorie,

Yet hath a Womans kindnesse ouer-rul'd:

And therefore tell her, I returne great thanks,

And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your Honors beare me company?

Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:

And I haue heard it sayd, Vnbidden Guests

Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)

I meane to proue this Ladyes courttesie,

Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.

Whisper.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Countesse.

Count. Porter, remember what I gaue in charge,

And when you haue done so, bring the Keyes to me.

Port. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,

As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death,

Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,

And his achievements of no lesse account:

Faine would mine eyes be witness with mine eares,

To giue their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,

By Message crau'd, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome: what's this the man?

Mess. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of France?

Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad?

That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?

I see Report is fabulous and false:

I thought I should haue seene some Hercules,

A second Hector, for his grim aspect,

And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes,

Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarfie:

It cannot be, this weake and writhled Shrimpe

Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

Talb. Madame, I haue bene bold to trouble you:

But since your Ladyship is not at leysure,

Ile sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What meanes he now?

Mess. Goe aske him, whither he goes?

Mess. Stay my Lord Talbot, for my Lady craues,

To know the cause of your abrupt departure?

Talb. Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleefe,

I goe to certifie her Talbot's here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.

Talb. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirstie Lord:

And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,

For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:

But now the substance shall endure the like,

And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,

That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres

Wasted our Countrey, laine our Citizens,

And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captiuate.

Talb. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laughst thou Wretch?

Thy mirth shall turne to moane.

Talb. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,

To thinke, that you haue ought but Talbots shadow,

Whereon to practise your seueritie.

Count. Why? art not thou the man?

Talb. I am indeede.

Count. Then haue I substance too.

Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:

You are decei'd, my substance is not here;

For what you see, is but the smallest part,

And least proportion of Humanitie:

I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,

It is of such a spacious loftie pitch,

Your Roofe were not sufficient to contain't.

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,

He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarieties agree?

Talb. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his Horne, Drummes strike up, a Peale

of Ordinance: Enter Souldiers.

How say you Madame? are you now perswaded,

That Talbot is but shadow of himselfe?

These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,

With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,

Razeth your Cities, and subuerts your Townes,

And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse,

I finde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruided,

And more then may be gathered by thy shape.

Let my presumption not prouoke thy wrath,

For I am sorry, that with reuerence

I did not entertaine thee as thou art.

Talb. Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconfer

The minde of Talbot, as you did mistake

The outward composition of his body.

What you haue done, hath not offended me:

Nor other satisfaction doe I craue,

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